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THE SPORTING EXTRA.

THE EVENING WORLD'S Sporting Extra was the only paper which printed yesterday an account of the great Brooklyn Handicap race at Gravesend.

And not only did it print the story of the event, but it also illustrated the finish, showing how the galloping winner, the place horse and the third in the race flew past the judges' stand.

THE EVENING WORLD also printed exclusively a full report of the interesting baseball game, in which Brooklyn defeated Chicago at Eastern Park.

These accounts, with the other sporting and general news of the day, made the paper what it will always be found to be, a thorough metropolitan newspaper.

The only other publication which pretended to give the news of the handicap printed, ticker-like, the names of the first, second and third horses, with no description of the race; while for base ball, the same journal dismissed all under the general subject of "Rain vs. Base ball," and ventured to predict that the game at Eastern Park would be stopped on account of sloppy grounds.

THE EVENING WORLD, always the special friend of the newsboy, became more than ever so under these circumstances, since its issue sold "like hot cakes" and commanded a premium in the market.

THE DARK HORSE.

When a horse which hardly anybody gave a second thought to in forecasting the winner of the race slips to the fore and steams under the wire at the head of the procession, the hilarity over his performance is not felt by many, but those who are in it feel it a great deal.

The fact that one cannot tell the winner till he wins was demonstrated again yesterday in the big Brooklyn Handicap, when Castaway II. charged by the judges' stand at Gravesend six lengths ahead of the next horse.

The "cracks" made sorry spectacles of themselves as they floundered through the mud and this rank outsider forged ahead and landed ducks in the pockets of the few who had betted on him.

Racing is a sport in which certainty only comes to the front with the winning horse. But Castaway II. brought great delight to his backers.

MCALLA'S PUNISHMENT.

Commander Bowman H. McALLA, late of U. S. S. Enterprise, has been found guilty of the charges preferred against him, and the court-martial which tried him has sentenced the man to "be suspended from rank and duty for a period of three years and to retain his present number on the list of commanders while so suspended."

Many naval officers feel that the sentence is too light, and that conviction on the charges should have been followed by dismissal from the service.

For three years the gallant tars of the Enterprise will breathe more freely. How Commander McALLA will get along deprived of the little diversions which his position afforded him it is hard to tell.

A DREADFUL TRAGEDY.

Brooklyn seems to have an unhappy lot in being the scene of tragic events in the nature of accidents. Yesterday four little boys who had scooped out part of a bank in play were buried beneath it as it caved in, and the bodies of three were taken from it with the life choked out of them.

Such accidents are deplorable. One always reflects with unusual bitterness how unnecessary they are. Two of the little fellows were brothers, the only children of their mother, who was nearly frantic with grief.

There is absolutely no thought which this horrible accident awakens that has the faintest element of consolation in it.

Major FORD is said to have engaged STANLEY for a course of lectures in the United States. The great explorer in search of American gold is not as interesting or heroic as when penetrating into Africa on a humane mission or scientific quest. But there is no reason why Mr. STANLEY should not lay up a golden repose for his later years by exploiting his deeds before people who are sufficiently interested in them or him to pay to hear them from his lips.

That diminutive little ruler, Prince FERDINAND, of Bulgaria, is very small game for such a gunner as the Czar of all the Russias. But if FERDINAND is nothing Bulgaria is an important purchase for the paw of the Russian bear, and it is Bulgaria, not FREDT, that is sought.

The Republican County Committee passed a resolution of regret at the loss of James F. FLOWERS as Treasurer of the Committee, but framed no resolution of condolence over the death of James F. FLOWERS.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Shoes and stockings match, gloves and hats harmonize and there is an affinity between jackets and dresses.

Many of the new corsets to be worn with "hammock" dresses or "easy gowns" are made extra high across the shoulders, with adjustable straps which can be regulated at will. There are but few bones, the soft bust in front and two narrow steels at the back providing all needful support. Some of the corsets have ribbon and net points over the hips, making them very flexible.

It is very fashionable to cover the flower-pot or vase holding flowers with a silk cover either on the stand or dining-table. Ready-made, a number of these are quite an inexpensive purchase. Home-made, they cost but a trifle, and are easily completed. Take a length, for instance, of willow-green china silk and a corresponding length of primrose yellow silk, the latter for the lining. Join neatly in the form of an oblong bag, and then put two or three runners about five inches below the top; put your narrow ribbon through this, or an elastic band; place the flower-pot inside, then draw up the runner at the bottom and the one at the top. Allow the full frill thus made to stand up well at the back as it faces you, but in front the broad hem should drop downward its full length, so that the bright yellow lining appears. A large satin bow and ends may be added by way of further embellishment. A set of a dozen fine ferns set in surroundings such as are just described recently decorated a wedding breakfast table.

Mrs. Burton Harrison dramatized Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" for a recent number of *Harper's Young People*.

Mme. De Rute, a granddaughter of Julian Bonaparte and at one time famous beauty, is the editress of *La Nouvelle Revue Internationale*.

There have been two conventions of women's clubs lately in New York City, and I managed to get to both of them, says "Bab." I want to say right here and now that, although I am by birth and education a believer in caste and an ardent admirer of a titled aristocracy, still the working-girls clubs were a decidedly brighter, better looking set than the federation of clubs supposed to represent capital.

The most brilliant ball ever given by an American abroad was that of Mrs. Ayer at Paris last night. It took place at the Salle de Fetes at the Continental Hotel. Mrs. Ayer wore a dress of white brocade, trimmed with ancient Venice lace, a tiara of diamonds and a necklace of sapphires, pearls and diamonds.

Earrings are no longer a popular ornament.

"Thank heaven, the bustle has departed," says Lily Langtry. "I hoped it had gone forever, but I believe there is now being made to revive it an effort which I trust will prove futile. I never wore one in all my life, and never intend to do so. The bustle is objectionable upon every ground. It is injurious to health by reason of both the weight and heat which it imposes upon the hips, and it is an ugly excrescence. There are several much more graceful, healthful and comfortable ways in which 'the bustle effect' may be secured, when nature has not supplied it sufficiently, than by means of the hay bag, the swinging case, the rubber cushion or even the daily newspaper, which comprise the bustle methods most generally employed. One way is to wear stiff starched white skirts flounced up the back. Another way—and a better, because it avoids the noise of a starched skirt, which to me is offensive—is to insert two or three reeds to make the gown stand out and keep it from resting on the heels."

SPOTLETS.

Mr. David Stratton, late outlaw of Kentucky, got run down lately, not by a Sheriff's posse, but by a railroad train. Still he was run down.

The price of whiskey is to be raised very soon. The rise and fall of whiskey will never refer to anything but its price.

A baby jumped from the window of a car, going at full speed, and was not injured at all. What a healthy baby!

Mrs. Ayer positively refuses to have sarsaparilla beer served at her entertainments. That's the kind of an Ayer's fairy she is.

He's going now to do a thing
 He never did before;
 He always waits until the Spring
 To go and shut the door. —Judge.

A bridesmaid who is the daughter of Buwalda, Lord Lytton, will be one of the bridesmaids of Mary Anderson's wedding.

Ann O'Della Dine Debar,
 None can wonder what you are,
 Nor that you did when there in Rome,
 Just what you did when here at home.

Capt. Roberts, of the Adriatic, now wishes that his boat had not been such an untoward craft.

Baby McKee went to the circus, and it became a secondary show on the spot. Grandpa Harrison also went, but he was only a little side-show.

The Apaches are at their old tricks again. When they try to play this game they become very good game themselves. Gunning for Indians is not a dead pastime yet.

WORLDINGS.

Mudie's great library in London has put into circulation since its foundation nearly 4,000,000 books. An annual ticket costs a guinea, and for this sum a diligent reader can peruse books that it would cost him about \$1,000 to buy.

A needle, one-and-a-half inches long, was recently removed from the side of Mrs. Counsellor Cole, of Fredericksburg, Va. Mrs. Cole says that she swallowed the needle forty years ago, and has never felt any inconvenience from it.

The Princess Bismarck is described as the model of a practical, methodical German matron, with an eye to every detail of household management and economy.

One of the best known men in Washington is Secretary Belknap. He is famous as a wit, a story-teller and a gastronome. He makes about \$15,000 a year as a claim agent.

Ex-Speaker Carlisle occupies a large and handsome house on the fashionable part of K Street in Washington. It is handsomely furnished, and some of the pictures on the walls are rare specimens of the painter's art.

She Was Both.
 (From *Chatter*.)
 Census Taker—Married or single?
 Woman—Both.

Census Taker—Come, madam, no trifling.
 Woman—I'm not trifling. I'm a widow.

The Right Man in the Right Place.
 (From *Chatter*.)

Bigbee—Wonder what business that man is in? They say he is perfectly deaf.
 Carper—Oh, that's Jack Robinson; why, he receives complaints in a railway office.

A Terrible Lead.
 (From *Chatter*.)
 "Samson wouldn't be in it in these days."

"Why not?"
 "See all the plants of strength we have. What a loss to the Chinese who failed to plant the same!"

DECLINE OF FEMININITY.

Nell Nelson's Essay on the Manishness of Woman.

Ambition's Subtle Influence and Unrest Blunting the Finer Feelings.

Some dear old ladies who wear caps and curls are shaking their wise little heads and thinking very seriously about the freedom of their juniors and the hair-raising, breath-gasping progress of the young American girl.

This is woman's cycle, but there is a feeling on the part of these sweet, gentle, conservative critics that there is too much freedom, too much latitude and decidedly too much liberty in the ranks—an anxious feeling that femininity is on the decline. Ability on the part of the modern woman to walk alone is regarded with alarm, since it puts in jeopardy those lovely feminine traits and virtues which are the jewels of womanhood and the glory of civilization.

The subtle influence of ambition and unrest is blinding our eyes to those coarser things in life which blunt by contact and degrade by familiarity the finer feelings, and in the clamor for equal rights and protected interests reserve is set aside and dignity ignored as obstacles in the path of progress.

In one of the auxiliaries of the W. C. T. U. I heard a strong-voiced, earnest, able woman say to a roomful of young enthusiasts: "Forget yourself; come out of your reserve; lay aside all timidity and you will make converts."

There is just a possibility that society may be paying very dearly for the spread of temperance.

The abolition of modesty and womanly dignity and the decay of femininity is a large price to pay for converts.

Women who do not need to work are hunting for a mission, rushing into business schemes, inventing and patenting objects of dubious merit, and by clashing with the world exchange the delicate edge of modesty and the fine shade of reserve for that brusque, loud mannerism which is too weak for the admiration of many men and too harsh for the toleration of gentle women. In the patronage of the so-called charitable projects a polite system of extortion prevails which can only be employed by the brazen and hoydenish, outside of a certain circle, while the methods of soliciting sales and contributions for the benefit of individuals and communities blunt the finer sensibilities of the women who attempt them.

Women are not hiding their light under a bushel. On the contrary they are on the house-tops of common place, screaming for reform and notoriety. They want to be heard, and in the hope of getting an audience are ready to flounce or patronize anything or anybody that promises to "draw."

A crisis appears to have arisen accompanied by a reluctance to be overlooked in the race for popularity. The false pretense of charity permits a lady of wealth and position to appear in the role of Rosalind or Fron Frou and make a display of her charms which under any other condition would be social ostracism.

Recognized as a patroness of art, a society queen may accept the homage of a good-looking musician or captivating artist, which, if essayed by a club man, would produce an ugly scandal. Instead of an increase of dignity between fashionable ladies and gentlemen, there is a diminution of formality and an encouragement of familiarity that has come to be considered quite French.

Cigarette smoking is admitted with a coquettish show of pride, and some of the most charming women confess a weakness for and dependence on intoxicating drinks and drugs as regular stimulants, while bleached hair, painted cheeks, curly wigs, false eyebrows, habitual use of the monocle, and a serious adoption of the pump-handle way of shaking hands complete the so-called smart forms.

To the tailor-made suit may be traced much of the offensive mannishness of the present day, for with the white spats and waistcoat, the stiff silk scarf and yawning cuffs, the tarpaulin hat and dogskin gloves, the fob-chain, street slang and affected indifference to the conventionalities are to be found. Then, too, there are plays, books, periodicals and stories in circulation which a few years ago society would not countenance. In the large retail stores well-dressed ladies will address a salesman as "Say," and demand instead of request his services. Little children are taught to distinguish between capital and labor, and in the code of etiquette compiled for teachers, servants, shopkeepers and other commoners such words as "please," "pardon," "yes, sir," and "no, ma'am," are eliminated.

"I do not wish Harris to say 'Yes, ma'am' to you," I heard a lady not long ago say to a grammar school teacher. "I will direct him in recognizing his superiors."

Among the non-numbered members of society the solecisms are equally noticeable. Shameful indignities are offered the clerks, conductors and domestics with whom they come in contact. Conversations are carried on in loud voices, little feet are thrust out or knees crossed in public conveyances, and not only is unnecessary room monopolized with out-turned skirts, but newspapers are held wide open and read to the discomfort and annoyance often of two passengers.

No notice is taken of the gentleman who vacates a seat in a public street-car or stage for the acceptance of a fair stander, and it is an exceptional case when thanks are expressed to the man who holds open a street-door or steps aside from the cashier's window in a bank, theatre or concert-hall lobby. It may be that the fair creatures do not think, or do not care for these graceful and kindly civilities which ennoble the one sex and exalt the other, but the fact remains that they are ignored, and that men are beginning to weary of manifested gallantry.

A druggist tells me to study life at a soda fountain if I want a new view.

"No, they are not bold, but some of their manners are decidedly odd. They

call for icky, brandy and soda, with peppermint, to escape the law; they ask for a drop of scent and turn the open bottle on their hair, wet their lips and sprinkle the extracts over the cuff or collar of their jacket; they boldly walk up to that mirror and put on powder and rouge; they come in and ask for stamens and toothpicks, and they will often buy cigarettes and coyly ask me to put a few matches in the package. But that is nothing. It breaks the monotony of business. We don't mind how frisky they get, it amuses us and "hurts women," I added, without encountering a contradiction.

The time is still referred to in novels and pastorals when woman concealed her identity. Now the patroness of progress wears her monogram and home address stamped in full on her envelope, and her Christian name is wired or jeweled into a breastpin and her initials, often the full name, appear in relieved letters on her belt bag, travelling valise and trunk.

At a theatre or in church a profane dreamer has only to peep with scrutiny at the collar lining of the coat or jacket on the pew to know who the fair worshipper in front of him is.

Ten years ago a young girl was sent to a school where she would be nicely and gently trained. Now she is smartly trained, and the curt remarks, pert manners and advanced ideas of these beautiful young creatures may be found the starting-point in the decline of femininity.

When the Brownings, Delartes and Ibsons have been relegated to their long-earned season of retirement it may occur to the advanced women of clubdom to take up the discussion of this subject and by exchange of ideas and earnest consideration decide the question of feminine retrogression.

NELL NELSON.

THE CAPTIVES OF PLAUTUS.

The College Hall of St. Francis Xavier, Sixteenth street, was crowded last evening on the occasion of the presentation of a Latin play. Everything reflected the greatest credit on Mr. Cornelius J. Clifford, S. J., the brilliant young Professor of Rhetoric in the college, to whose untiring effort and classical erudition the marvellously successful presentation of this old comedy of Plautus was chiefly due.

Everything was breathlessly classic. The vernacular was crowded to the walls ruthlessly, even the tickets being a Latin inscription which might have been composed by some literary elegant, who aired his Summer rings on the Via Sacra.

With the help of a libretto the audience, most of whom, it may be remarked without any disparagement, were beautifully ignorant of the tongue in which Horace used to chaff Maecenas and Caesar was wont to rate his lieutenants, gathered the sense of what was spoken on the stage.

Even the few moderns present who were conversant with Latin found the archaic and colloquial forms of Plautus about as difficult as a foreigner would find the English of Gower or Chaucer.

Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Clifford, however, for proving to these days of degeneracy in classical taste that the Jesuits are still the foremost exponents of the elegant literature of Greece and Rome. Mr. Augustin Daly and Mr. Frank Miller generously assisted Mr. Clifford in the scenery and draperies.

One other feature of the entertainment which deserves the highest praise was the original music composed for it by Faber Rene Holand, S. J., a musician of extraordinary taste and powers. The play was a very finished bit of classic reproduction, reflecting credit on all who contributed to its presentation.

J. J. A. B.

Their Valuable Assistance.

(From *Smiley's Weekly*.)



"Now hold me firmly while I reach for my hat."



"All right! We won't let go for anything!"

Poor Little Bird.

(From *Post Standard*.)

Little-Way, Victor, are you not ashamed to kill a poor little bird like that? Victor—Well, you see, I'm a musician. I thought it would do to put on your hat.

Little—Ah! so it would; it is the same shade of gray. How kind of you!

Dubious.

(From *Post-Star*.)

"You will let me go to your wedding, will you not, dear?" said one girl to another.

"Upon my word, I can't promise. My folks are in such a rage about my wedding that I am not sure they will even let me go to it myself."

Good for the Hair.

(From *Chatter*.)

"My hair is falling out, doctor, what do you advise, electricity?"

"Well, you might try the Brush system."

An Infallible Sign.

(From *Judge*.)

Bronson—I think the Halsers have deserted the woman's rights movement.

Howard—Have you heard them say so? Bronson—No; but Mrs. Halsy is letting her hair grow out long and Mr. Halsy has had his cut short.

A Surplus.

(From *Post*.)

Old Lady—Ah, you had boy, dragin' your little brother along like that! Spies in you was to kill him?

Old Boy—Don't care. Got another lad.

Slightly Mixed.

(From *Judge*.)

They were playing "Questions" at an evening party. To the query "Which work do you prefer in painting and sculpture?" the two subjoined answers were heard in the hall:

"The Anatomy of Man."

"The Anatomy of Man."